DC

VERTIGO

1 of 5

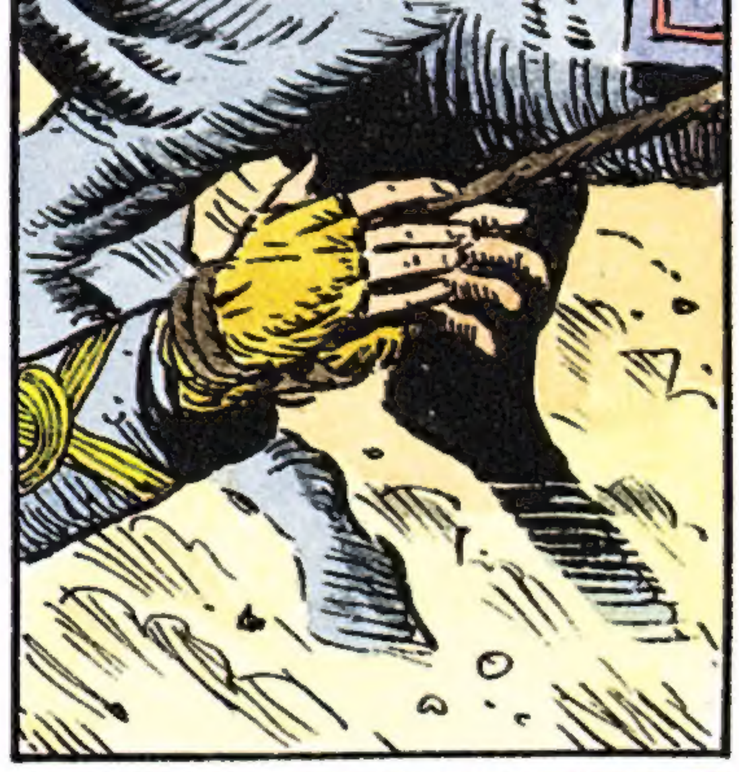
AUG 93

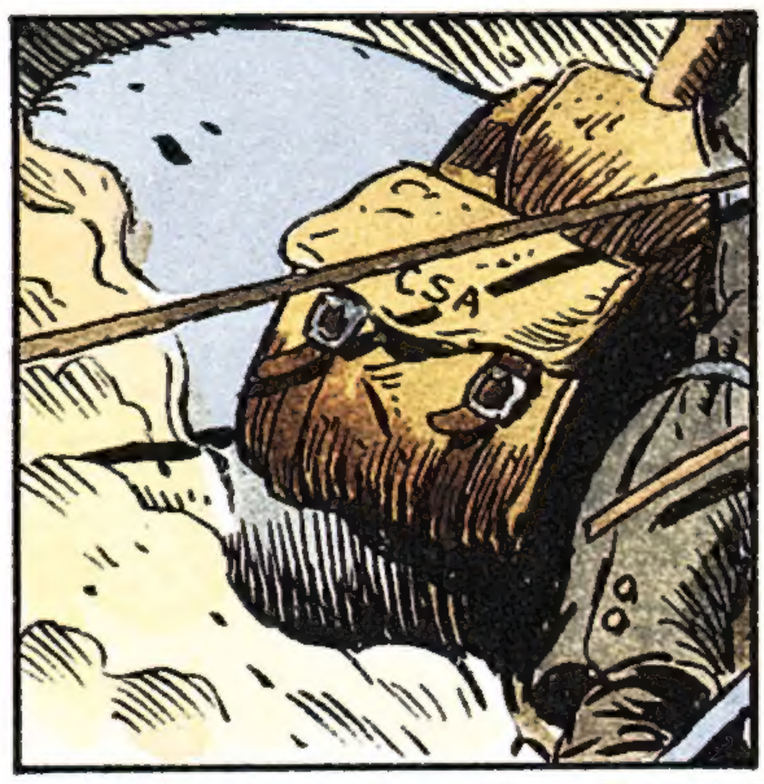
JONAH HEX™

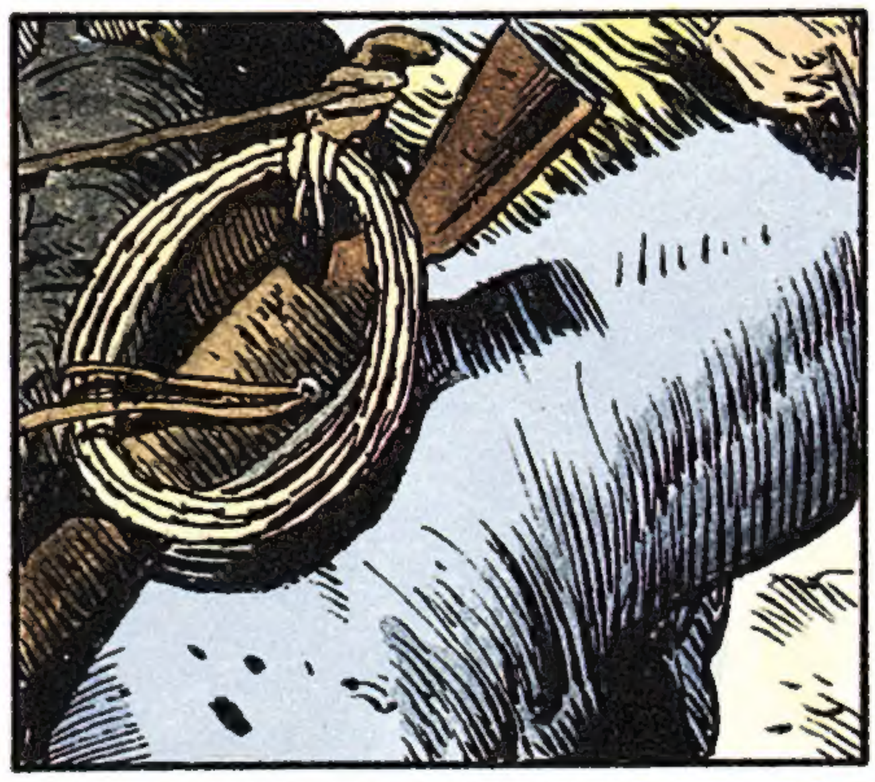
TWO-GUN MOJO

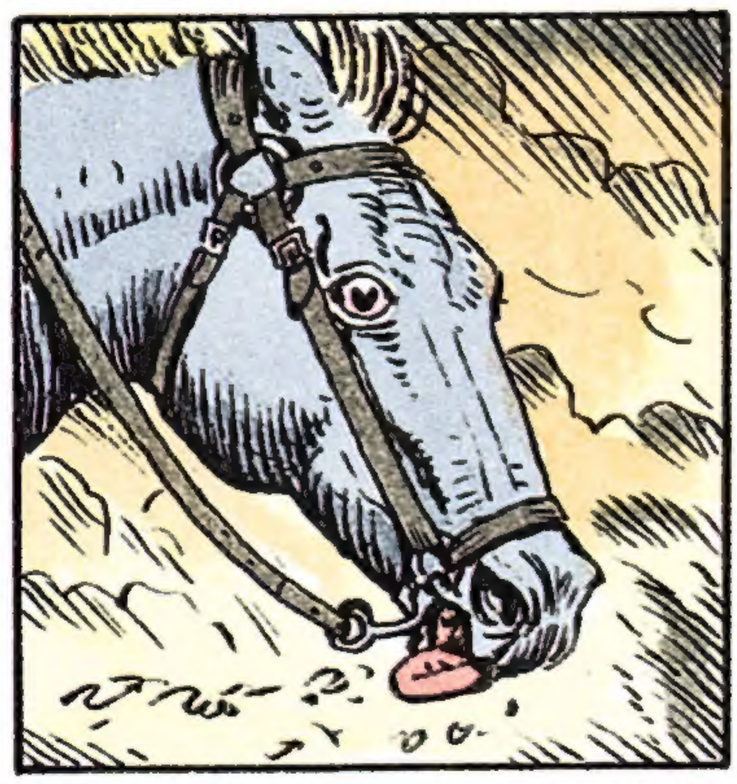
JOE R. LANSDALE
TIMOTHY TRUMAN
SAM GLANZMAN

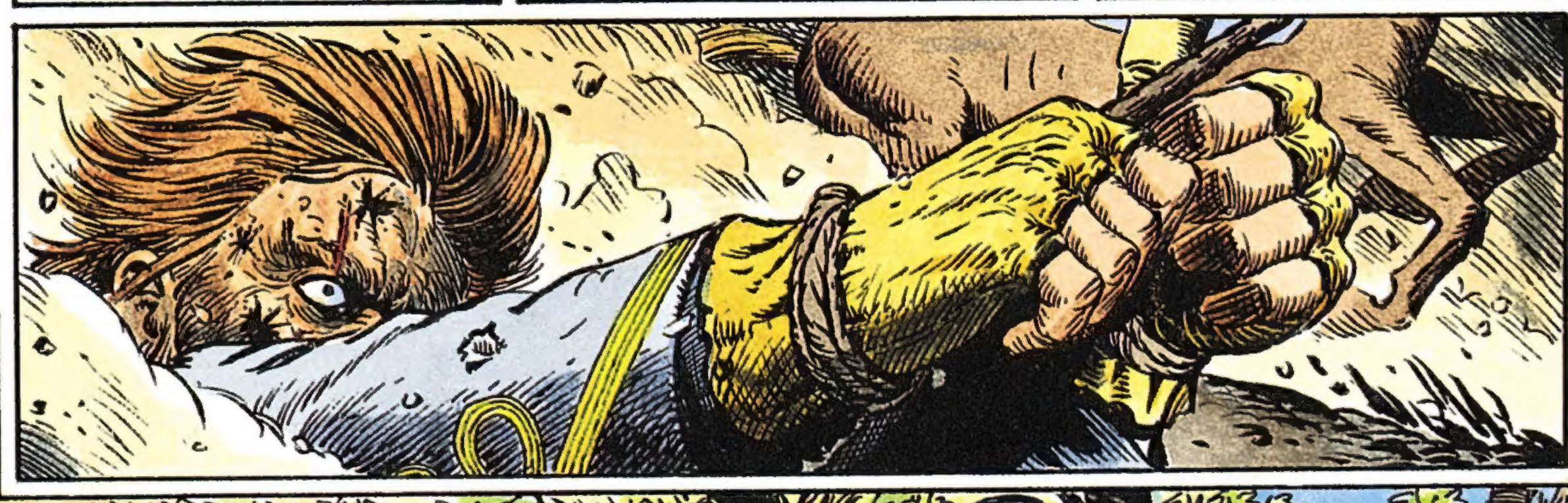
"He was a hero to some, a villain to others, and wherever he rode people spoke his name in whispers."
John Albano
TRUMAN N SJG



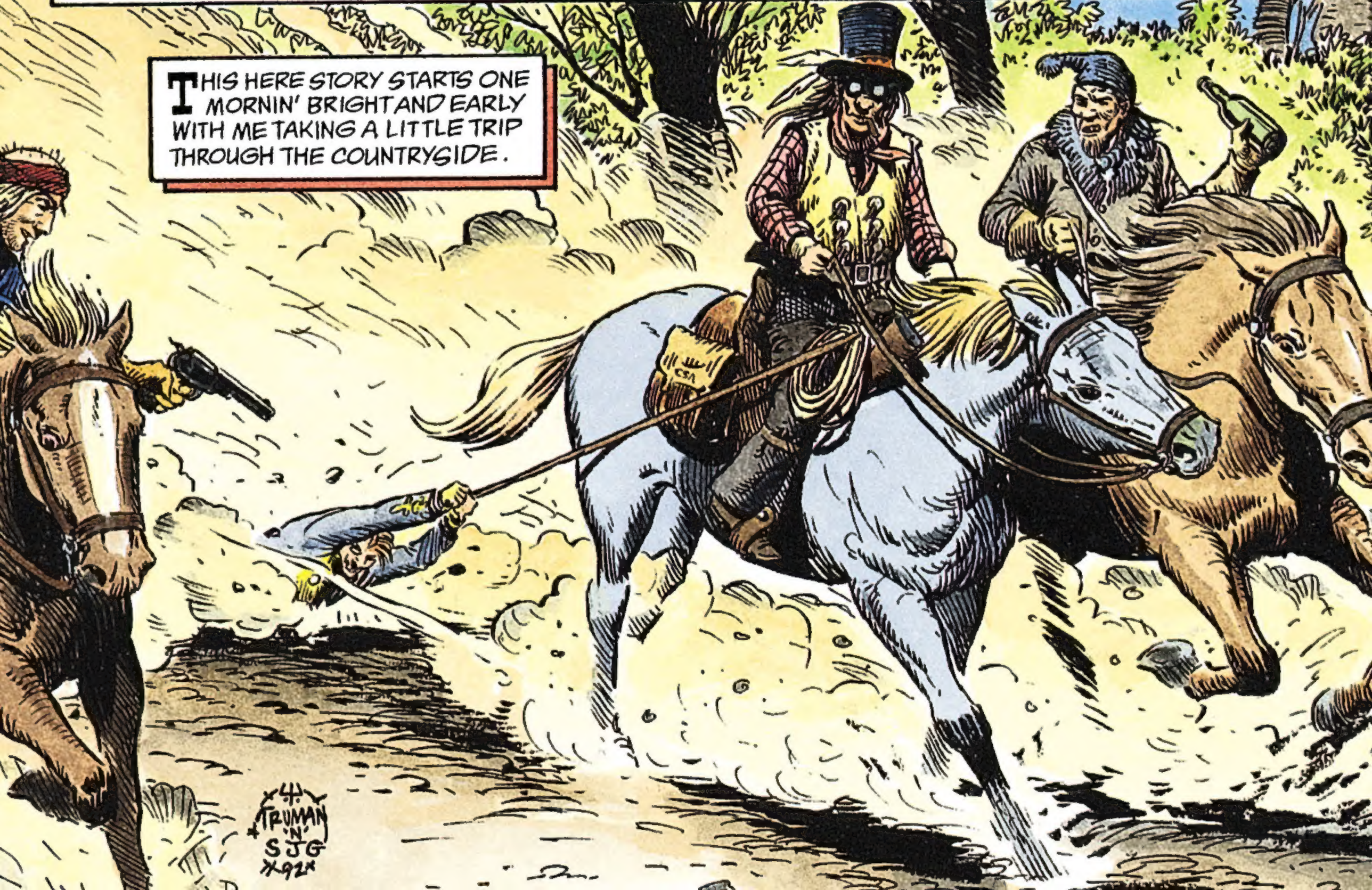








THIS HERE STORY STARTS ONE MORNIN' BRIGHT AND EARLY WITH ME TAKING A LITTLE TRIP THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE.



THE TRIP WAS A MITE UNPLEASANT...

...SINCE THE FELLAS CONDUCTIN' IT WERE A SMIDGEON ON THE UNCIVILIZED SIDE...

...EVEN IF THEY WAS NICE ENOUGH TO...

UMMMPHHHH!

...KNOCK THE DUST OFF'A ME.

TO ADD ONE OF THEM INSULTS TO AN INJURY, HORSE THEY'D DRAGGED ME WITH WAS MY OWN CAYUSE, OLE LARD BRAIN.
AND NOW THE CRITTER WAS GONNA HELP HANG ME.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOT OUR SISTER, HEX.
DAMN SOW TRIED TO BUSHWHACK ME.
SPITTIN' BACCER JUICE IN HER EYE WHILE SHE WAS A LYIN' THERE DYIN'... THAT'S LOW.
I WAS SPITTIN' AT THE HOLE I SHOT IN HER HEAD. I WAS A MITE OFF CAUSE I'D BEEN SICK.
CRACK
DAMN!
BLAM
DAMN AGAIN!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHERE IN HELL IS HE?
RIGHT HERE, YA POLE CAT.

BLAM
BLAM
!!
DOUBLE DAMN!
BLAM
BLAM
MY MARKSMANSHIP AIN'T SO GOOD, SON. BUT I SHOOT LONG ENOUGH, I FINALLY HIT SOMETHIN'.

I AIN'T GOT NO BEEF WITH YOU, SON.

You missed one of the hosses, grandpa.

YOU COMPLAININ', SON?
JUST STATIN' A FACT.

I OWE YOU ONE.

I WAS BOUNTY HUNTIN' THESE FELLAS ANYWAY, BUT WAY I FIGURE, YOU OWE ME THREE.

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT.

NAME'S HEX.

JONAH HEX.

I HEARD'A YOU. YOU'RE A BOUNTY HUNTER TOO. GUESS YOU'VE HEARD'A ME? SLOW GO SMITH.

NOPE.

OH.

HE WON'T NEED THIS NO MORE.

WANT TO SPLIT WHAT THESE FELLAS GOT?

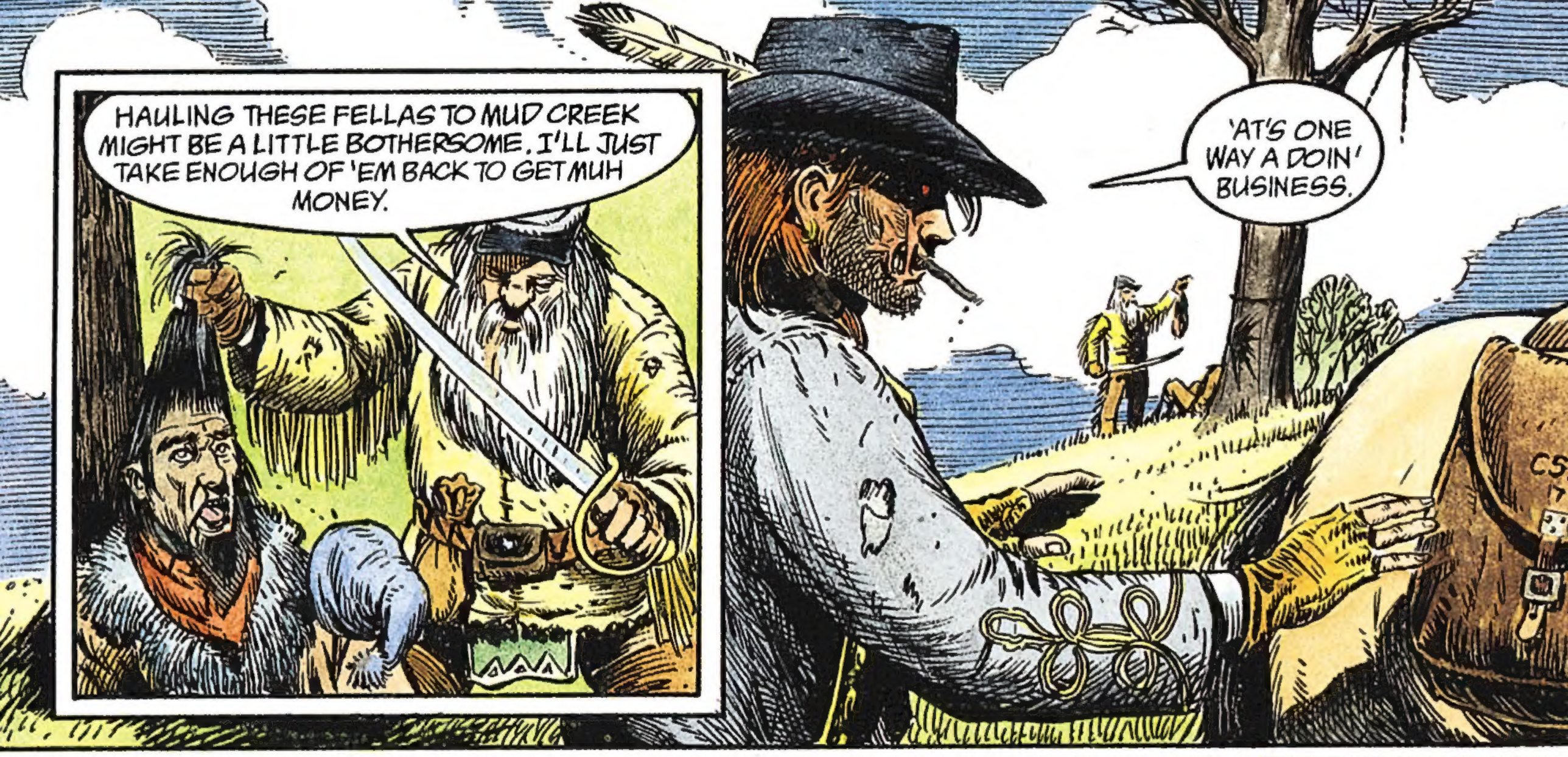
RECKON NOT.

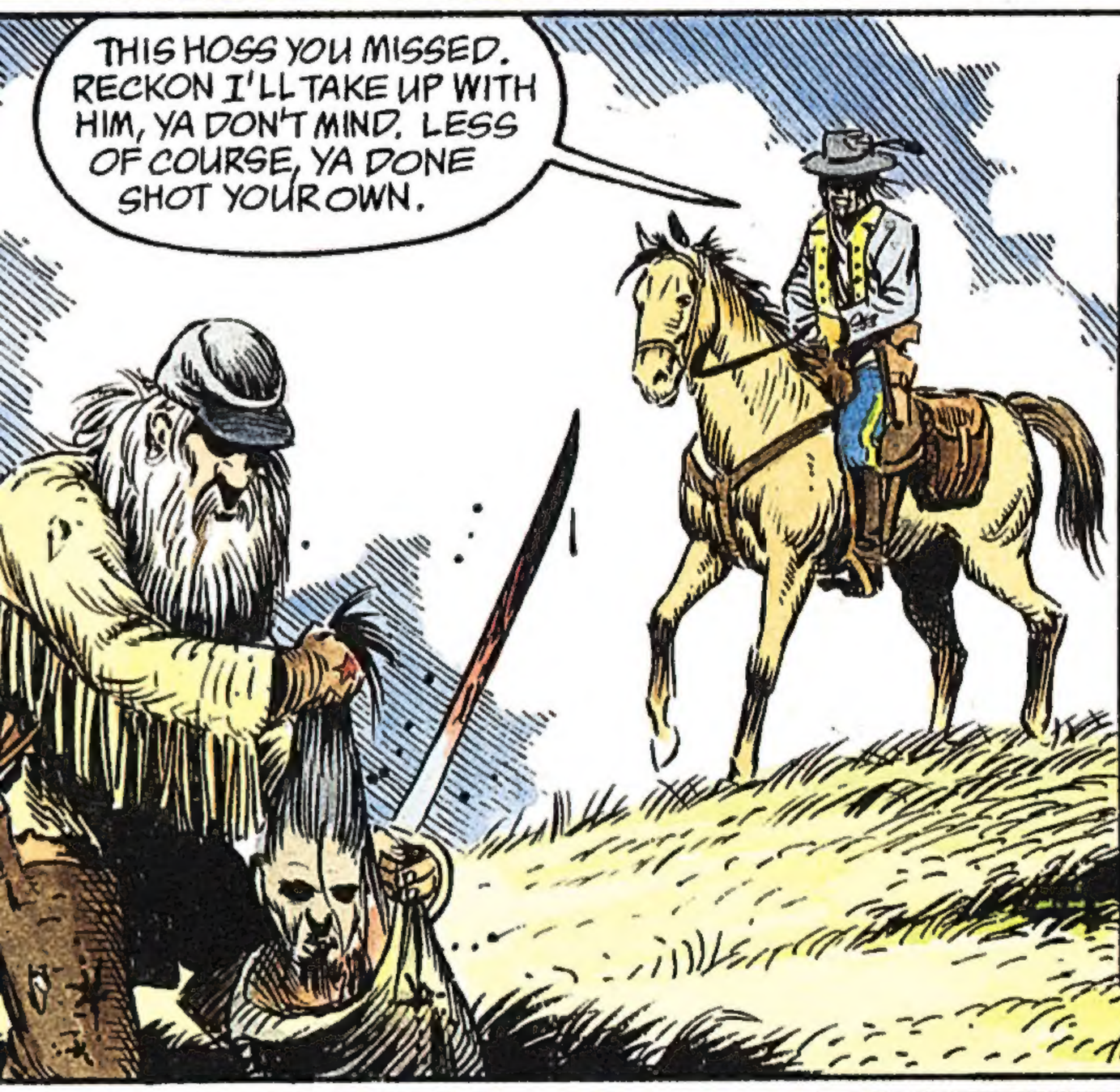
I DON'T PICK DEAD MEN'S POCKETS.

GOOD. I GOT ME AN EXPENSIVE BACCY HABIT.

AND I ALWAYS LIKED THE NOTION OF HAVIN' ME A WATCH.

WISH I KNEW HOW TO TELL TIME.

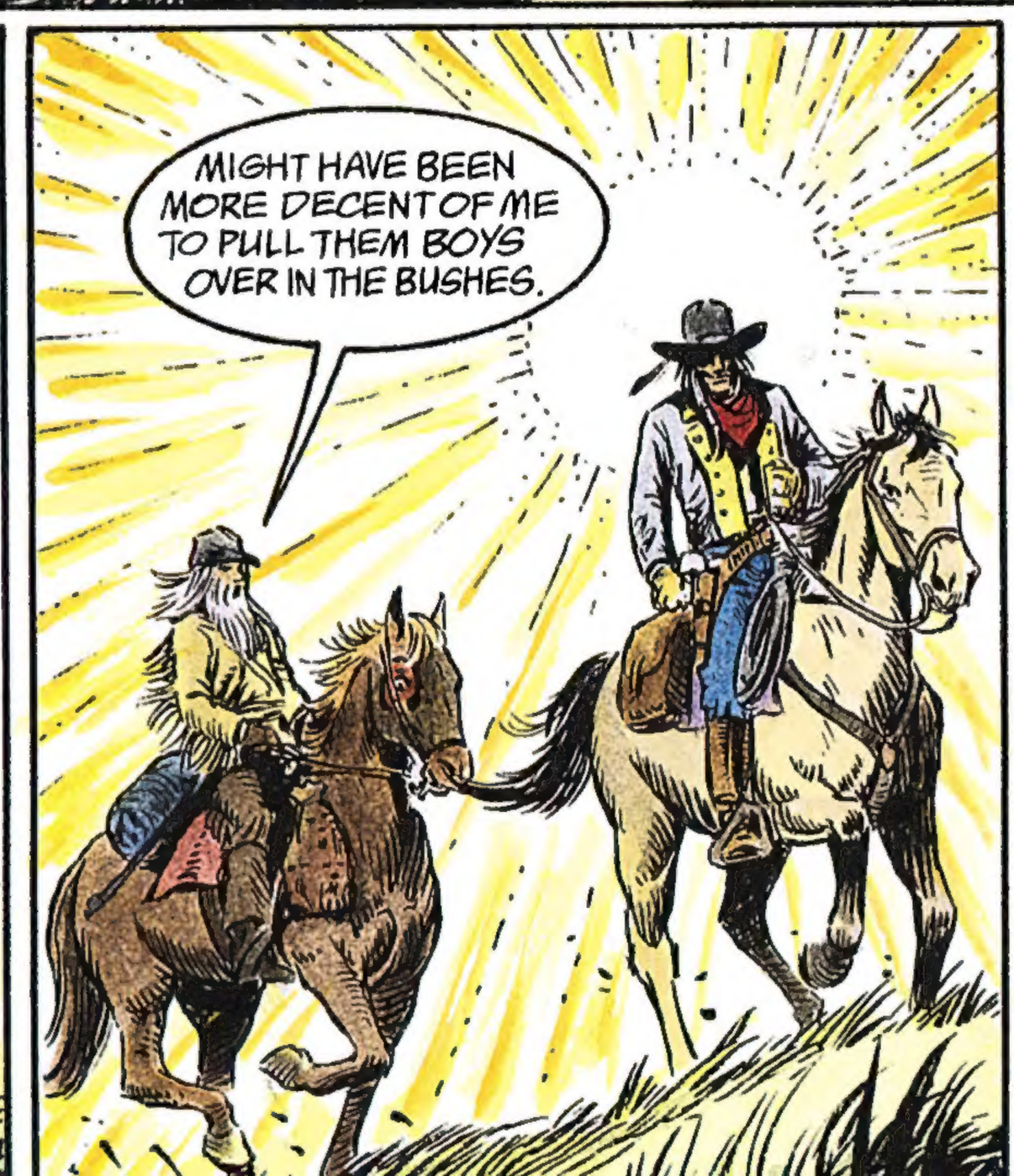

HAULING THESE FELLAS TO MUD CREEK MIGHT BE A LITTLE BOTHERSOME. I'LL JUST TAKE ENOUGH OF 'EM BACK TO GET MUH MONEY.
'AT'S ONE WAY A DOIN' BUSINESS.


THIS HOSS YOU MISSED. RECKON I'LL TAKE UP WITH HIM, YA DON'T MIND. LESS OF COURSE, YA DONE SHOT YOUR OWN.

AND IF I DID MIND?

RECKON IT WOULDN'T MATTER MUCH.

'AT'S WHAT I FIGURED.


MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE DECENT OF ME TO PULL THEM BOYS OVER IN THE BUSHES.

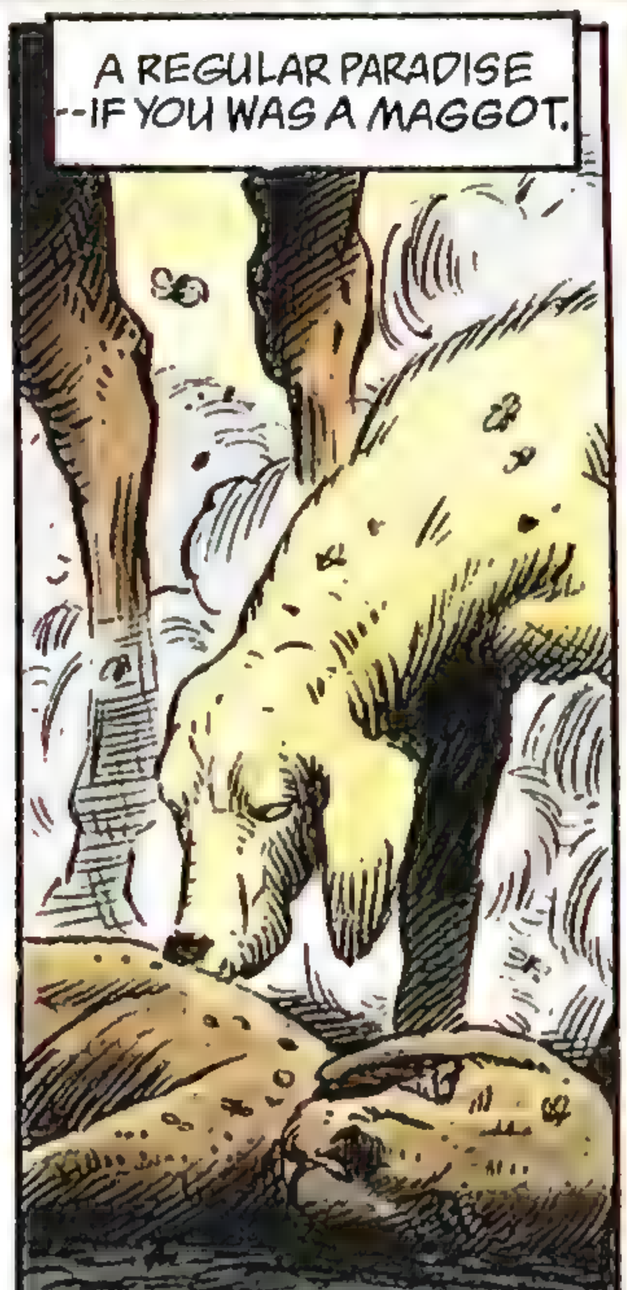
HELL, OLD MAN, WHAT'S THE POINT MAKING IT HARD ON THE BUZZARDS?
HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT.

MUD CREEK WAS A COZY LITTLE TOWN.

FOOD

BEER ROOMS

AIN'T YOU ET YET
FINE FOOD



THINK I OUGHTA LIGHT IT?

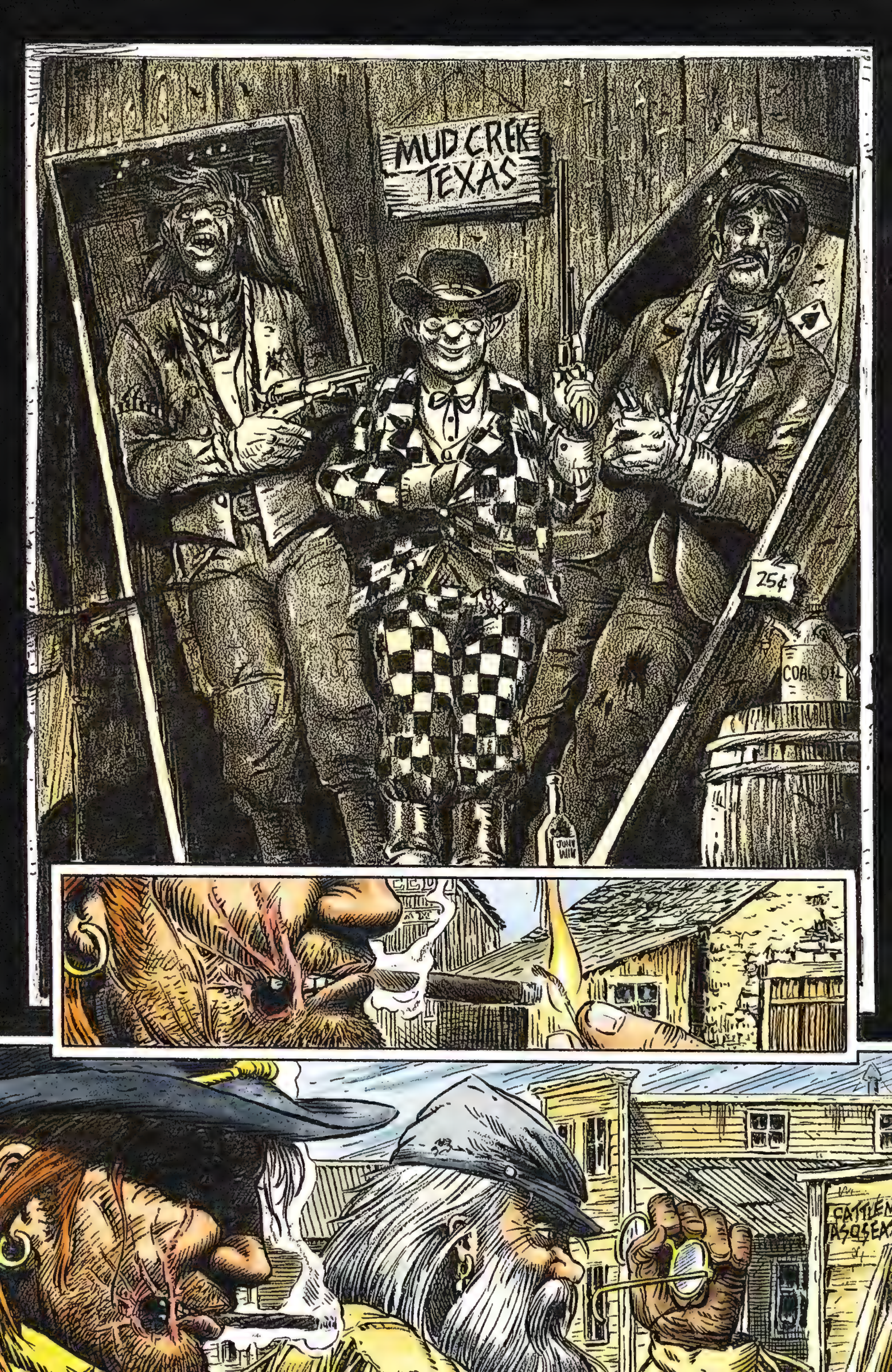
IT'D JUST GO OUT, YOU FOOL.

Y'ALL SPREAD OUT THERE.

MUDCREK TEXAS

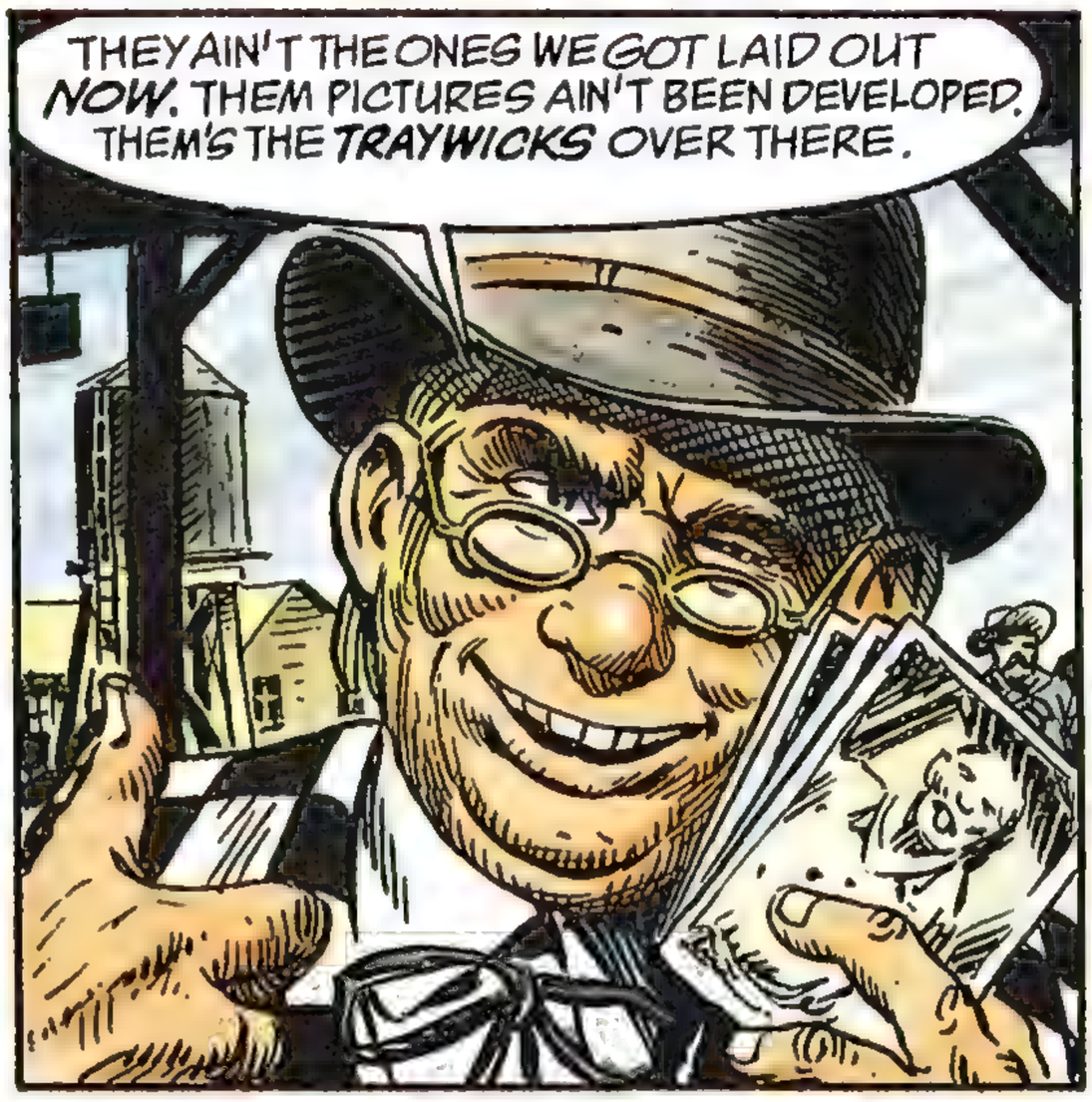
PROF. ARGON YOUR DAGUERREOTYPE WITH A BAD MAN-25¢

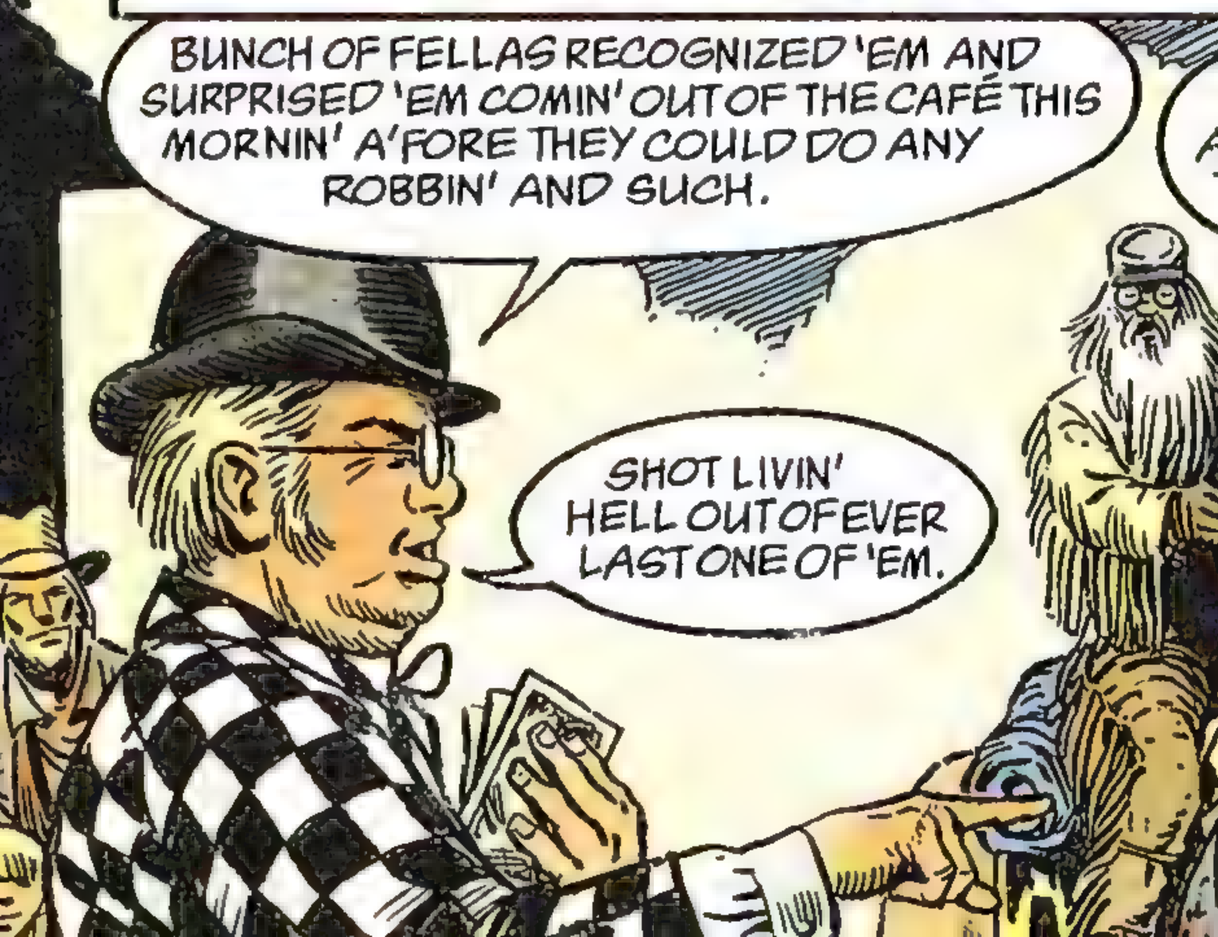
WAVE 'AT 'ERE FLY OFFEN THE HOLE IN HIS HEAD, WILL YA?


MUD CREEK
TEXAS
25¢
COAL OIL
JOHN WILK
CATTLEM
PASO&EX

HEY, GENTS! WAIT UP A MINUTE!

YOU FELLAS WANT TO BUY SOME POST CARDS OF THE PRICE GANG?





HOW MANY'D YOU SHOOT?

WASN'T AROUND THEN...ACTUALLY, I'M MORE IN CHARGE OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ACTIVITIES.

THAT SO?
AIN'T NO CARDS OF THE TRAYWICKS--

THAT'S A DISAPPOINTMENT.
CSA

TRUMAN & GLANZMAN
92

--BUT WE GOT PICTURES OF THE PRICE GANG, AND WE GOT 'EM STUFFED OVER AT THE LIVERY, YOU WANT A LOOK. THEY'RE FLAKING A LITTLE, BUT THEY STILL LOOK GOOD. COST YA A NICKEL TO SEE 'EM.

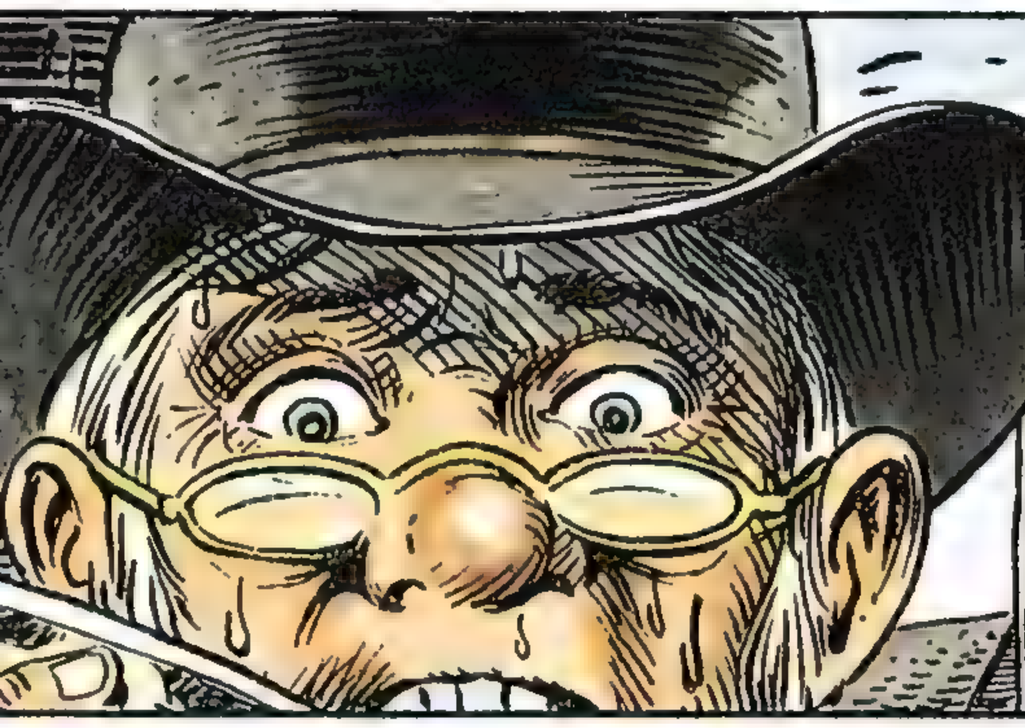
SHERIFF

NO THANKS.

HE THREATENED ME! THAT UGLY BASTARD THREATENED ME!

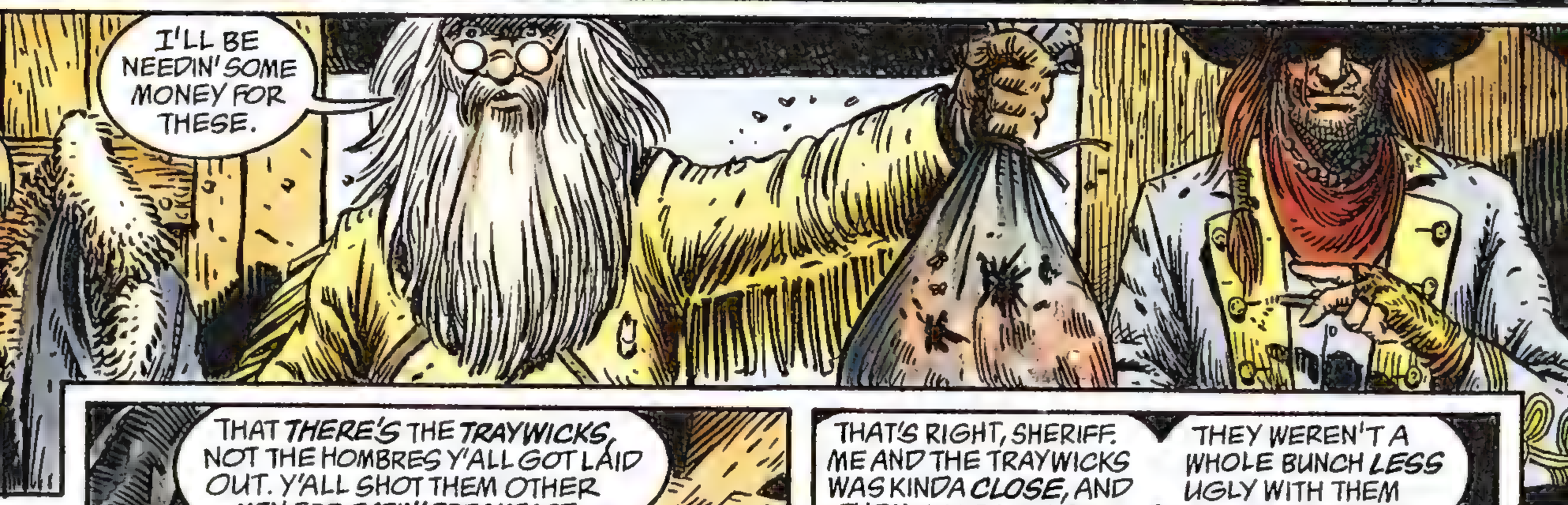
BE GLAD THREATEN IS ALL HE DID.

SCAR LIKE THAT, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?



RIGHT FRIENDLY LITTLE BURG.
YEAH, LET'S YOU AND ME MOVE HERE.
SHERIFF
DON'T BOTHER ME

WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR, GENTS?
OLD SAM


I'LL BE NEEDIN' SOME MONEY FOR THESE.

THAT THERE'S THE TRAYWICKS, NOT THE HOMBRES Y'ALL GOT LAID OUT. Y'ALL SHOT THEM OTHER MEN FOR EATIN' BREAKFAST.

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF. ME AND THE TRAYWICKS WAS KINDA CLOSE, AND THEM HEADS BELONG TO THEM.
THEY WEREN'T A WHOLE BUNCH LESS UGLY WITH THEM KNOTS ATTACHED.
CSA

HELL. HOPE THEM *OTHER* FELLAS AIN'T NOBODY ANYBODY KNOWS.

THAT COULD BE EMBARRASSING, COULDN'T IT?

YOU'RE JONAH HEX, AIN'T YA?

YEP.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT SCAR. HOW'D YOU COME BY IT?

WANTED

DAMN TOOTHPICK SLIPPED.

YOU'RE ONE FUNNY HOMBRE, AIN'T YA?

FOLKS ALWAYS TELL ME THAT.

WELL, YOU BOYS ARE OUT OF LUCK.

IT'S ME THAT'S COME FOR THE MONEY. HEX JUST HAPPENED TO BE... HANGIN' AROUND.

IT DON'T MATTER WHO. MONEY FOR THE REWARD WAS SPLIT UP 'TWEEN THE TOWNFOLKS FOR THEM BOYS DOWN THERE IN THE BOXES.

MEANING?

MEANING THERE AIN'T NO DAMN MONEY. FELLAS SHOT THEM BOYS DRUNK IT UP.

HAVE TO WAIT A COUPLE DAYS TILL I CAN GET A VOUCHER THROUGH. YOU CAN PICK IT UP THEN.

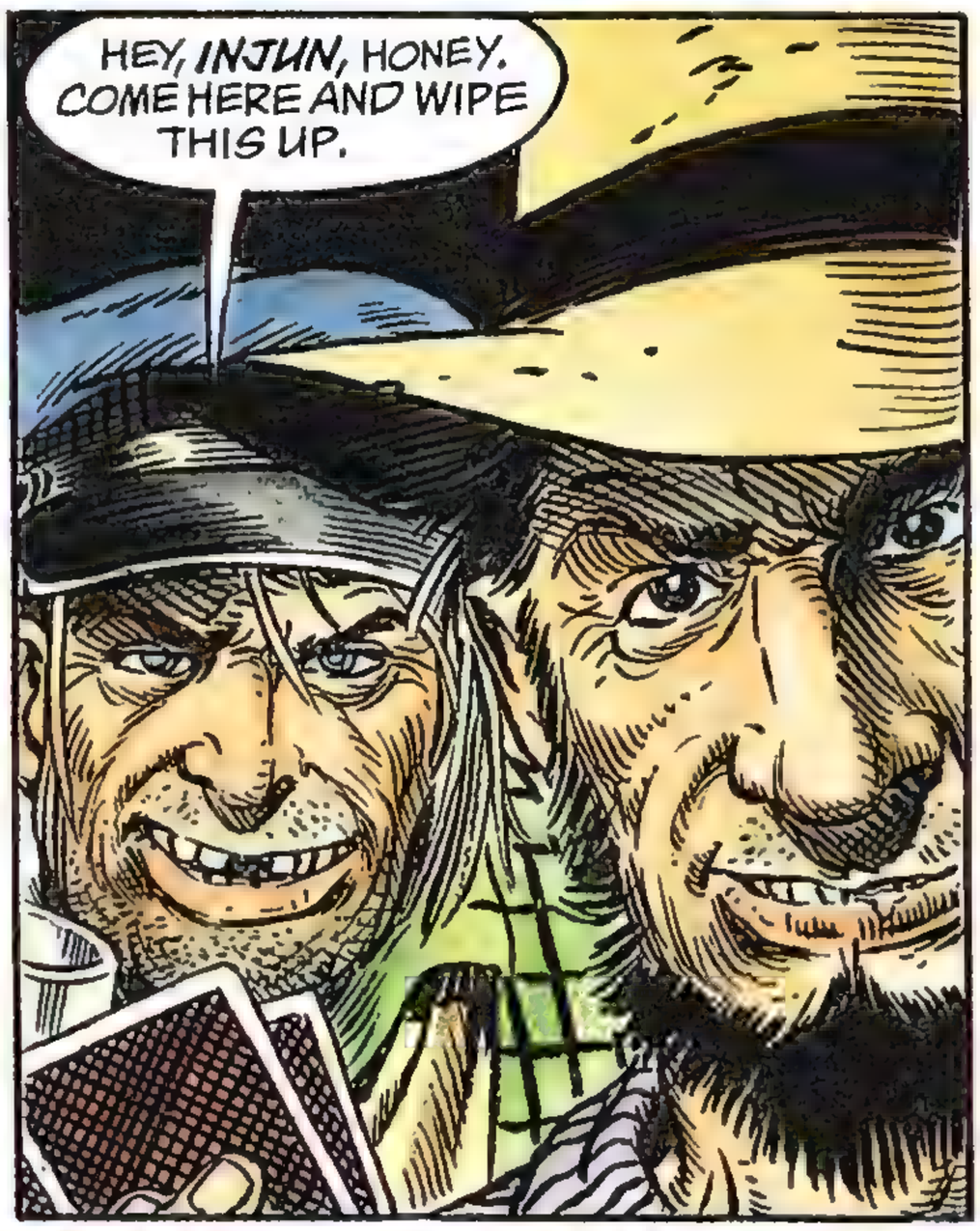
NOW WHERE'D I LAY THAT DANGED BOTTLE?

YOU CAN'T JUST SHOOT SOMEONE AND GET PAID ANYMORE. THERE'S ALWAYS SOME KINDA PAPERWORK HOLDS YOU UP. DAMN YANKEE WASHINGTON BUREAUCRATS.

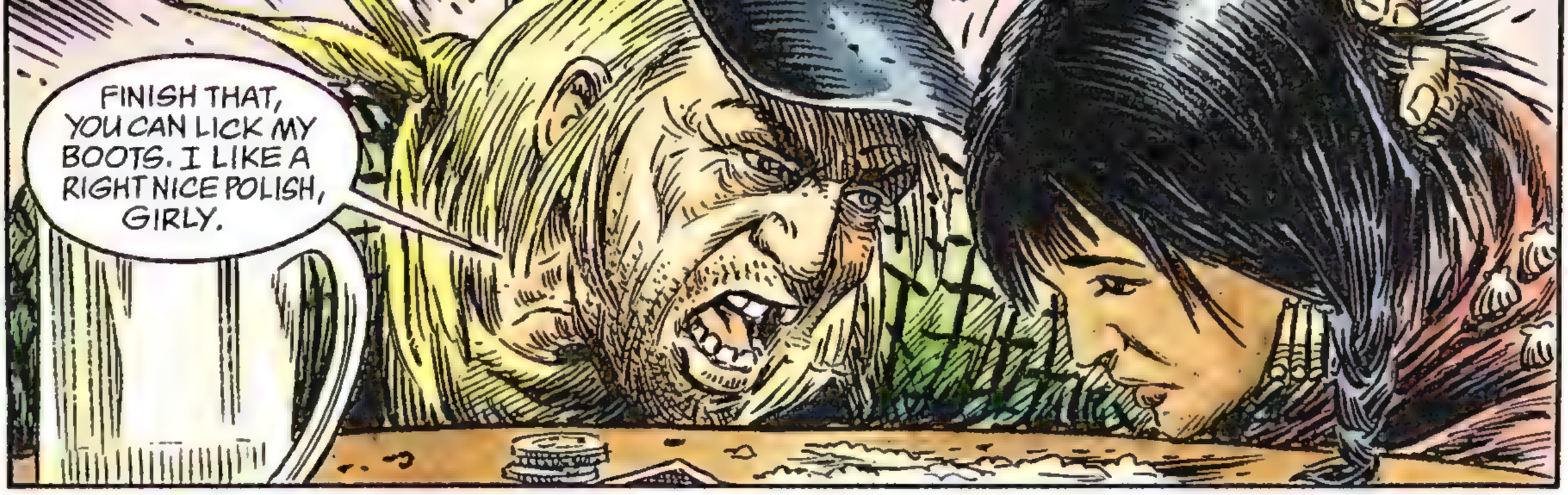
LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK, SLOW GO.

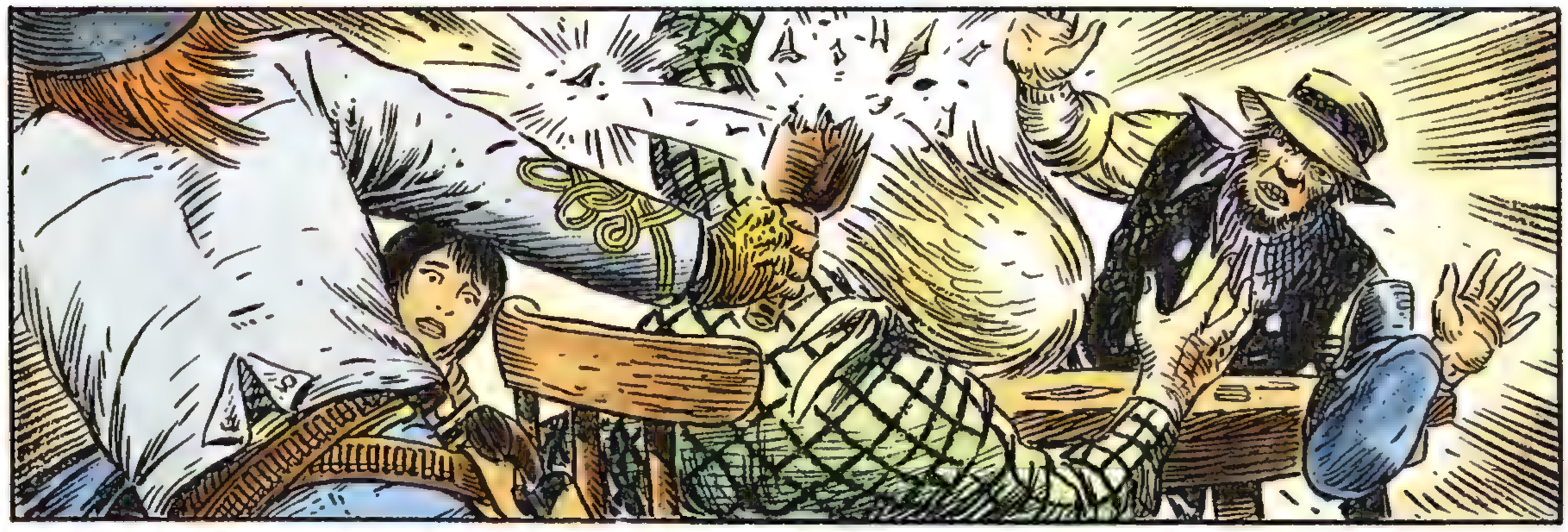
1¢
5¢
5¢
WHAT'S FOR YOU, GENTS?
GIVE US A WHISKEY. AND WIPE THE DAMN BAR.
Langtre
WE WIPE THE BAR ON MONDAYS... THAT'S A NASTY SCAR, MISTER. HOW'D YOU GET IT?
CUT MYSELF SHAVING.
OH.

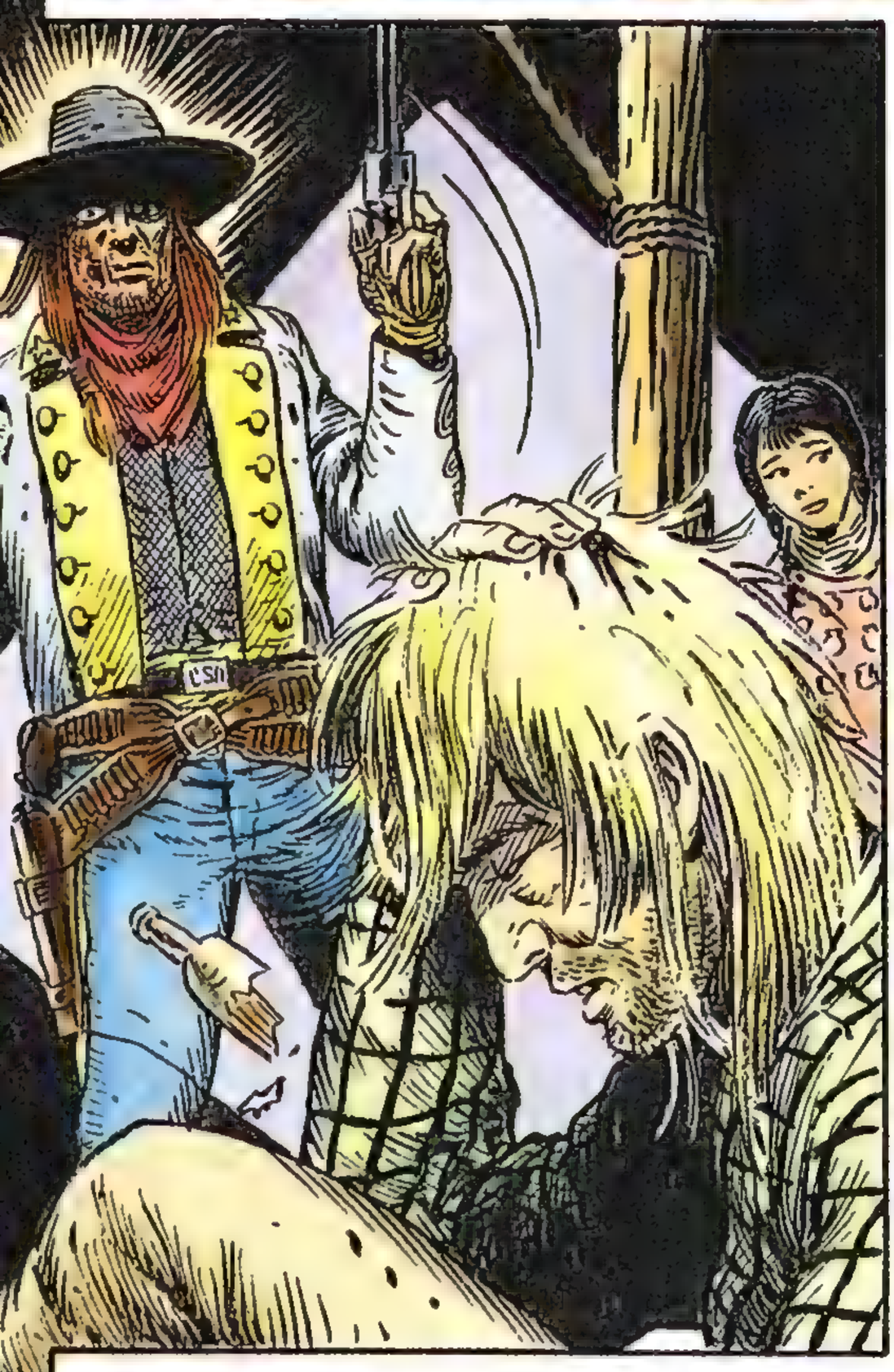
Lily Langtry

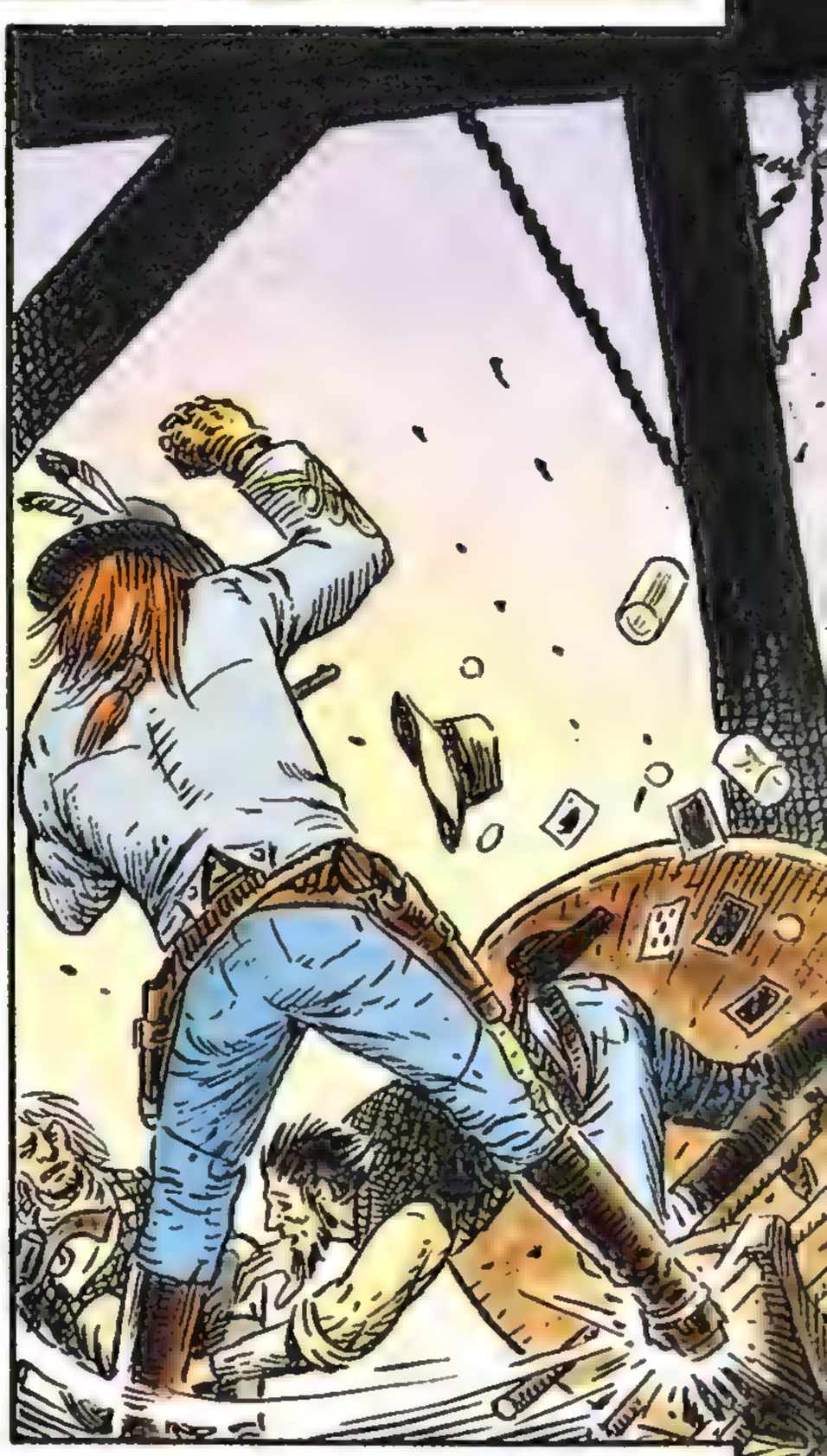

HEY, *INJUN*, HONEY. COME HERE AND WIPE THIS UP.

WITH YOUR *TONGUE*, YOU RED SLUT!


FINISH THAT, YOU CAN LICK MY BOOTS. I LIKE A RIGHT NICE POLISH, GIRLY.

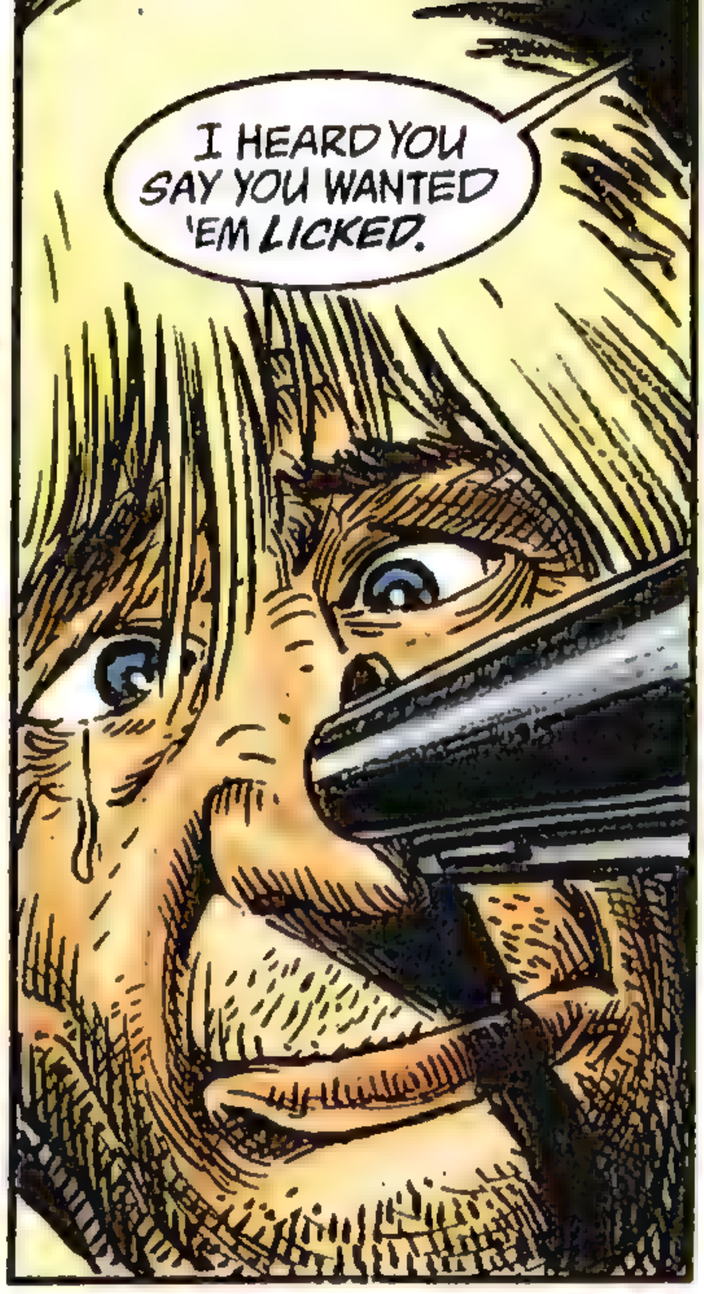




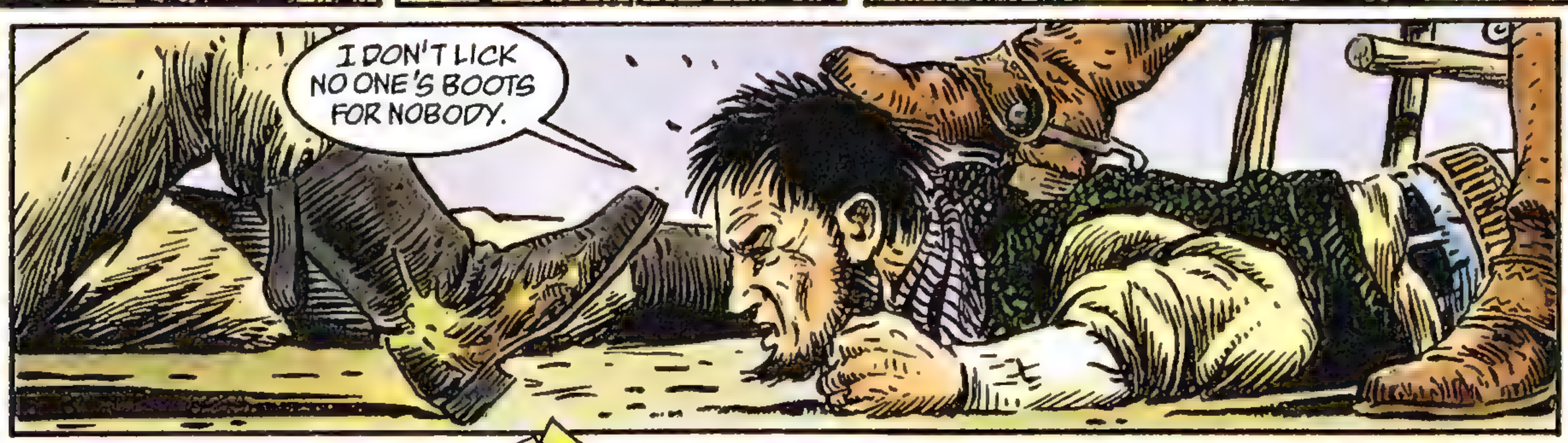


WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE, BOY-- LICK YOUR BUDDY'S BOOTS, HE WANTS 'EM CLEANED SO BAD.

NO ... NO, THEY'RE FINE...


I HEARD YOU SAY YOU WANTED 'EM LICKED.

ME TOO. I DON'T SEE SO GOOD, BUT I HEAR RIGHT SMART. AND THEM BOOTS DO LOOK A MIGHT SOILED TO ME. AIN' THAT COW HOCKY ON THE TOE, THERE?


I DON'T LICK NO ONE'S BOOTS FOR NOBODY.

WINK!

I SAY YOU'RE A BOOT-LICKIN' SONOFABITCH AND YOU'D SUCK THE JAM FROM BETWEEN A DEAD MAN'S TOES.

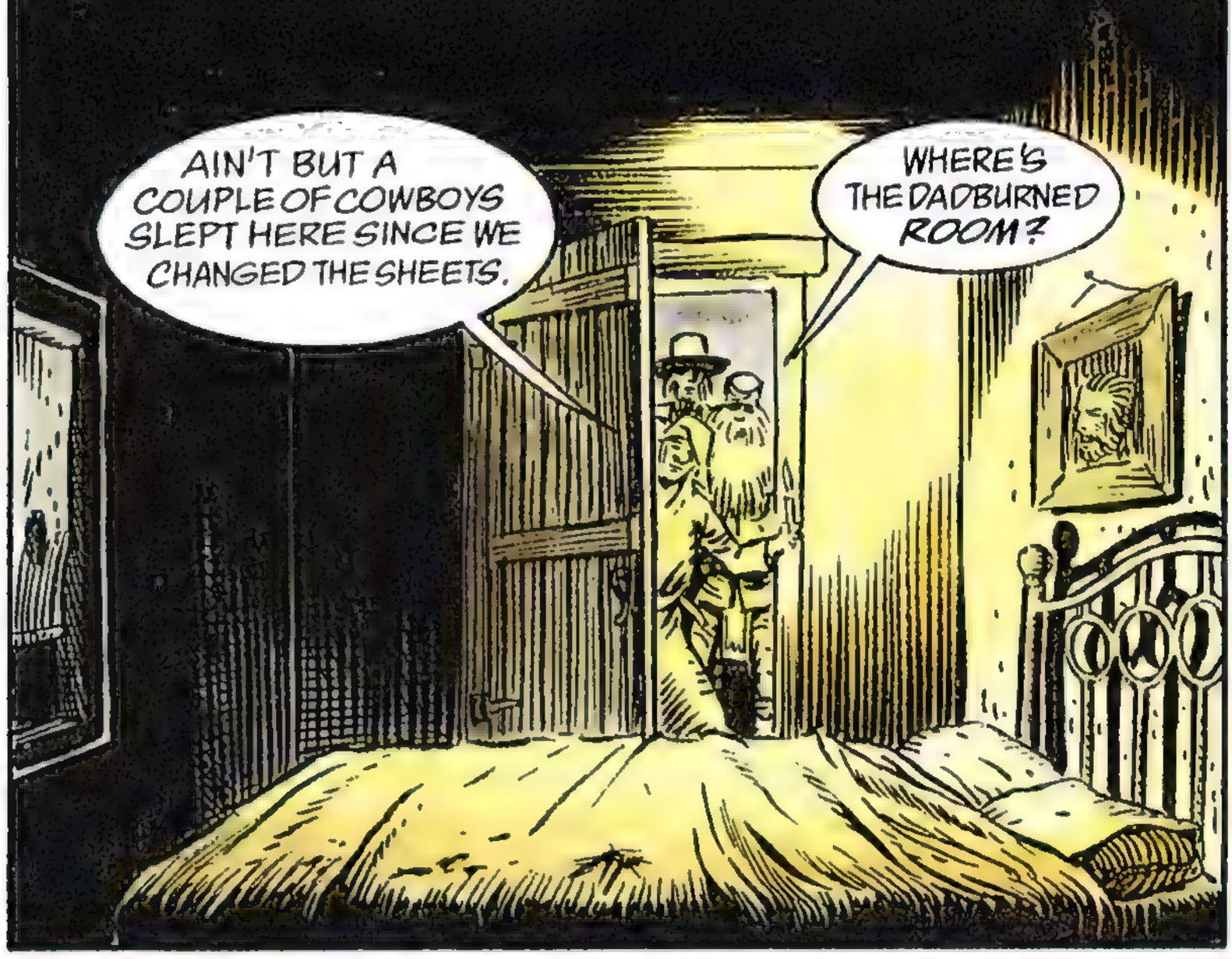
IT'S JUST AN INDIAN, MISTER.

HE LICKS THE BOOTS OR EATS LEAD.

WAK!

ABOUT THEM BOOTS.
BE SURE AND GET JUST UNDER THE TOE. LOT OLE STUFF JAMS UP THERE.
WHY'D YOU THROW YOUR DAMN GUN, SLOW GO?
FIGURED I HAD A BETTER CHANCE OF HITTIN' HIM, THAT WAY.
GOOD THINKING.
CLEAN ENOUGH. BOTH OF YA, GIT OUT.
HEAR OF YOU OR HIM BOTHERIN' THIS HERE GAL AGAIN, ME AND SLOW GO'LL FEED YOU SOMETHIN' AIN'T AS TASTY AS THEM BOOTS. COUNT ON IT.

BUFFALO GALS WON'T YA COME OUT TONIGHT, COME OUT TONIGHT, COME OUT TONIGHT. BUFFALO GALS WON'T YA...
FEED
NEED A COUPLE ROOMS.
AIN'T GOT BUT ONE.
YOU GOT BUGS?
TOOK A BATH IN KEROSINE A WEEK AGO. KILLED 'EM.
SNORE? I AIN'T GOT NO TRUCK WITH SNORERS.
AIN'T NEVER STAYED UP TO FIND OUT.
GIVE US THE ROOM.



AHHZZZAHHZZZAHHZZZZ

...IT'S A SNORER.

YOU SOUND LIKE AN ARMY OF BAD CARPENTERS. SLEEP IN THE BARN.

NO SPITTIN IN THE HALL

HEX, YOU CONTRARY FART! I SAVED YOUR LIFE!

AND I JUST SAVED YORN. YOU WAS ANYONE ELSE, I'D HAVE *SHOT* YA.

SLEEP AT THE STABLE WITH THE HORSES.

W.K. HOWELL'S LIVERY

DAMN PERSNICKETY SONOFA...

I DON'T NORMALLY LET NOBODY SLEEP HERE. IT AIN'T GOOD BUSINESS.

I DON'T WANT TO DO NO DAMN BUSINESS. I WANT TO SLEEP.

I'LL CHARGE YOU SAME AS YOUR *HORSE*.

5¢

THESE THEM STUFFED *PRICE* FELLAS, AIN'T THEY?

DON'T RECKON THEY'RE NOBODY ELSE, AND I FIGURE YOU OWE ME A NICKEL FOR THE LOOK YOU'RE GETTING.
MY PARTNER, HEX, SAID PUT THESE SLEEPING QUARTERS ON HIS LIVERY BILL. SO ADD THE DAMN NICKEL TOO.
CAN'T GO BACK TO SLEEP...
...GUESS I COULD COUNT AND SHOOT SHEEP.
GRUNGH
IF IT AIN'T ONE DAMN THING, IT'S TWO.

BLAM!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM!
POK
POK
POK
HELL, AIN'T YOU DEAD YET?!

NEXT: INVITATION to a HANGING!